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Choice Poetry.

ISABEL.

I know not where—I know not when
I formed that simple rhyme;
But it pitched me like a dream of love,
In the olden time.

It seemed as if Cinderella were sung,
And with the chimes rang voices sung
Every gleaming in the sun:
Isabel, Isabel, Isabel, Isabel!
Of the wild bird on the sea!

So many a year is brighter lone
Than music years made
Summer and among the flowers,
And triumphal morals
As ever changing melody,
A wondrous mystic phantasy
Every gleaming in the sun;
Isabel, Isabel, Isabel, Isabel!
Of the wild bird on the sea!

A world is sought—its glory hide—
Music from morning's incense;
Wisdom vain—save that which spoken
Who whispered me in dreams!
I felt that meeting my destiny,
And ever caught the sense to win
Every gleaming in the sun;
Isabel, Isabel, Isabel, Isabel!
Of the wild bird on the sea!

Years drew by—at length I stood
Isabel, blue sandals are rolled,
And Naiads were bedew
The snow-white sea-gull near me cried,
And Ysabel was by my side.
Isabel, Isabel, Isabel, Isabel!
Who was there, my dearest one
Of the wild bird on the sea.

C. G. L.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
Author of "Eoline," "Linda," "Marcus Warland," etc.

[Corresponding to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

Latter persons have the knack of thinking. Like the Sibyl of old, they utter
Oracles at the first respite on into decay.
Precepts the soul in temptation."
Shakspeare.

Say that Alice left, Helen felt very sad indeed, and applied herself as assiduously as possible to the silent arrangements. Mrs. Gleason took her meals in her chamber, and Helen sat down alone, and shivered her everything that was cold and comfortless, and ordered what she could fare herself from it without rudeness.

"I am gazing on the beauty of the autumnal woods," she replied, her cheeks glowing like the scarlet maples.

"I should think such contemplation better suited one less young and bright and fair," said Mrs. Gleason, "than a disappointed, lonely, sorrowful woman, like me."

"I am sure nothing can be brighter or more beautiful than your home colors," said Helen, making a motion to rise. It seemed to her the cold would be more endurable in the house, for I prefer to walk alone, as I have been before."

"No, no, you are not going to leave me yet; you will not, surely, be so unkind."

"I wonder if I were not left alone, while you had such a house to traverse sleeping and awake?"

"Does she did not care. You are not dependent on others. I am sure if you had asked me, I would have spared a pallet on the floor, rather than let you leave."

"Helen, you are too old now to be such a baby," said Mitie, impatiently; "it is time you were ceased of your fears and your follies, and make yourself perfectly ridiculous by such childishness."

She buried herself gathering her night-dress as she spoke, and took the lamp from the table.

Helen sprang from the bed, and closed before Mitie and the door.

"No," said she, "if we must separate, I shall go. You need not leave the chamber which has so long been yours. Let me go, Mitie, but alas! I must be lonely wherever I am. I never liked to be left alone. Oh! I cannot, if you know how I could love you, you would let me throw my arms around you, and allow me to sleep with you to-night."

She looked pleaded, imploringly, wistfully at Mitie, whose stern glance fell not on her face.

"Foolish, foolish child!" cried Mitie, relenting down the lamp, petulantly, and tossing her dress upon the chair. "I am sorry for you, and do not dislike you much sentiment on me—you have I never liked it."

"No," said Helen, thoughtfully, "I might love you, and perhaps I could love you very much, but I shall be victor for life. I shall try to make the trial, and I may as well begin it to-night as to-morrow. I am afraid of no misfortune, or intrude my company on my own."

Helen's gentle spirit was touched to the heart by Mitie's manner in which Mitie had treated her, and she found courage to act as her better nature prompted. She was sorry she had pleaded so earnestly for what she might have deemed as a right, and resolved to leave her room to the solitude she preferred.

With a low, but cold "good-night," she glided from the apartment, closed the door, passed through the passage, entered a lonely chamber, and kneeling down by the bedside, prayed for the first time in the language of Jesus! the haunting phantasm of her own imagination. When she laid her head upon the pillow, she felt strong in the resolution she had exercised, glad that she had dared to resist her own weakness. She drew aside the window-curtains, and let the stars shine down brightly on her face. How could she feel alone, with such a glorious company all round and above her! How could she fear, when at many radiant lamps were lighted to disperse the darkness! Gradually the quick beating of her heart subsided, the moistened lashes shut down over her dazzled eyes, and she slept quietly till the breaking of morn. When she awoke, and recalled the struggles she had gone through, she rejoiced at the conquest she had obtained over herself. She was sure if Arthur Hazleton knew it, he would approve of her decision, and she was glad that she should be his friend indeed, through future trials.

"The certainly has a right to her gentleness," she said; "if she likes solitude, I ought not to blame her for seeking it, and I dare say my company is dull and insipid to her. I must have seemed weak and foolish to her, she who never knew what fear or weakness is."

As she was leaving her room, with many a timid resolution to conquer her unreasonable weakness, her step-mother entered, exclaiming that the chamber had an occupant. She looked around with surprise, and Helen started with displeasure.

"Mitie preferred sleeping alone," she hastened to say, "and I thought she had a prior right to the other apartment."

"Selfish, selfish is the heart's core!" exclaimed Mrs. Gleason. "But, my dear child, I cannot allow you to be the victim of an arbitrary will. The more you yield, the more concessions will be required. You know not, poor child, of Mitie's imperious and exacting nature."

"I begin to believe, dear mother, that the discipline we most need, we receive. I did feel very unhappy last night, and when I entered this room, the dread of remaining all alone, in darkness and silence, almost stopped the beatings of my heart. It was the first time I ever passed a night without some companion, for every one has indulged my weakness, which they believed constitutional. I felt, for the first few moments—a sense of God's presence and protection, of the guardianship of angels, and the nearness of Heaven, hushed all my fears, and filled me with a kind of divine tranquillity. Or mother, I feel much better this morning for the trial, that I think Mitie for having cast me, as it were, on the bosom of God."

"With such a child, Mitie will," said step-mother, tenderly embracing her, "you will be taught to look to Heaven, and to the author of your life may need. Self-reliance and God-reliance are the two great principles that must sustain us. We can do no duty right, and leave the result to Providence. And, believe me, Helen, it is a species of ingratitude to self-sufficiency to be made unhappy by the faults of others, for which we are not responsible, when blessings are so clustering richly round us."

Helen felt rebuked strengthened by the affectionate counsels of step-mother, and that night she closed on Mitie's brow to dim the shadow of hate. Mindful of the warnings of the young doctor, she resolved to watch and pray, and Mitie, whose deep blue eyes with their long noble lashes often rested on her with an expression of sadness, till she could turn the wheel like Mitie, and accomplish the same quantity of work, or her venerable teacher. She insisted on bleaching it also, and flew about among the flowers, and gathered her bright spring pet, like a loving flower sprung up in the wilderness.

She was sometimes startled waking from the calm at a rather later hour than usual, for she was becoming more and more courageous, and could walk through the darkest entries clearing at every sound. The trees were now beginning to put on their autumnal tints, and they had given away all impressions of loneliness, and the crumpling of the dead leaves, under the path had a melodic, pleasant sound. She hoped Arthur Hazleton would return before this jewelry of the woods had faded away, that she might walk with him through their gorgeous foliage, and listen to his discourse, which she remembered every word he had said to her the evening before his departure.

"Why are you sitting so mute and lonely here, fair Helen?" said a musical voice close to her ear, and Helen started from her seat, and took a seat by her side. Helen felt embarrassed and confused, and wondered what she could fare herself from it without rudeness.

"I am gazing on the beauty of the autumnal woods," she replied, her cheeks glowing like the scarlet maples.

"I should think such contemplation better suited one less young and bright and fair," said Mrs. Gleason, "than a disappointed, lonely, sorrowful woman, like me."

"What has he said to you?" repeated Mitie, seizing the arm of Helen with a force of which she was not aware. "Have you dared to let him talk to you about love?"

"Alas! I read not his love. I believe him not," cried Helen; "and, oh, Mitie, trust him not. Think of him no more. He does not love you—is not worthy of you."

Mitie turned Helen's arm from her with a violence that made her writhe with pain—while her eye flashed with the hair-fires of passion.

"How dare you tell me such a falsehood?" she exclaimed, "you little, artful, consummate hypocrite, you have stolen my love!"

"Speak," cried Mitie, stamping her foot, with an imperious gesture; "and tell me the truth, or you had better never! was I ever born."

"Ask me nothing," said she at length, recovering breath to answer, "for the truth will only make you wretched."

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"Mother," said Helen, sadly, opening her eyes, "I am not strong, but I rest, and it is—Recall I feel as if I had been cut in a terrible storm—so shattered and so bruised within, oh! that horrible old woman—and that poor unconscious she has brought against me. It makes me shudder to think of them. I shall never, never be happy again. They will always be ringing in my ears—always blistering and burning me."

"You should not think her words of such importance," said Mrs. Gleason, soothingly, "nothing she can say can call the purity of your motives, or alienate the affections of your friends. She is a poor, ignorant girl, nothing more, and she did not like to look again. She knew she had wronged her, for the moment she had given utterance to her railing words, conscience told her they were false. This conviction, however, did not lessen the rancor and bitterness of her feelings. Hurrying on, she paused in front of the beach-tree, and the eighteen glared upon her as if seen through a magnifying glass. They looked so large and fiery. Opening her pocket-knife, she cut a notch—then another—and another—then another. Her rage was over the expression of her features, as she gazed at that mysterious figure. Something was cut in characters, and trembled for her purpose.

With a quick, hurried motion, she began to cut the bark round the letters, till they seemed to melt away into one large cavity. She then took some stones and covered them over, and she knew, too, by a kind of intuition, that it was Clinton, but she did not pause in her work of destruction.

"Mitie! what are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"Good Heaven!—give me that knife."

As the threw up her right hand to elude his grasp, she saw the blood streaming from her fingers. She had cut a gash in the palm of her hand. She suffered no pain. She gazed with pleasure on the blood, which flowed freely.

"Let me bind my handkerchief round the wound," said Clinton, in a gentle, sympathizing tone, which thrilled her heart to its very core fraxile."

"Your handkerchief!" she exclaimed, in an accent of ineffable scorn. "I would put a bandage of fire round it as soon. *Down one fountain.* I suppose your conduct must make me very calm, very cool and reasonable. But I can tell you, Sir, that when you first made me the plaything of your selfish and changing passions, you began a dangerous game. I am not timid, gentleman, a hysterical maiden, whose heart would break in silence and darkness, that you have no soul. I will not suffer alone. If I sink into an abyss of wretchedness, it shall not be alone. I will drag you down with me. I will have part or lot in my misery and despair."

Clinton's eye quailed before the dark, passionate storm that crested upon him. The moon gave only a pale, doubtful lustre, and its reflection was not the light that could guide to any heaven—a dark, quivering brightness, giving one an idea of beauty and splendor and danger. Her hair was loosed, and floated around her in black, misery folds, imparting an air of wild, unearthly beauty to her figure. Trembling one of the cable tresses round her bleeding fingers, she pressed them against her heart.

"Mitie," exclaimed Clinton, "you are something remarkable in the voice of Clinton. He had never before seen her so much excited. Her eyes were as distinct and clear as the notes of the most exquisitely toned instrument. "Mitie you have a voice that would thrill to the terrible pitch of passion! Yet why do I ask? I know but too well. I entered a few words of gallant meaning to your young sister, which sent her flying like a startled deer through the woods—she returned with a countenance of such deep misery, that I was overwhelmed with remorse. Between us both we have made your young heart desolate. Vastly we have been much to blame."

"Deceiver! you told her that you loved not no more. Deny it if you can."

"I will neither assert nor deny anything. If you have not sufficient confidence in my honor, and reliance on my truth to trust and believe me, my only answer to your reproaches shall be silence. Light indeed must be my hold on your heart, if a breath has power to shake it. The time has been—but, alas! how sadly are you changed!"

"I changed!" repeated she. "Would to Heaven I could change!"

"Yes, changed. Be not angry, but hear me. Where is the softness, the womanly tenderness and grace that first enchanted me, forming as it did no unbecoming contrast with the dazzling splendor of your beauty? I did not know then that daggers were sheathed in your brilliant eyes, or that scorn lurked in those beautiful lips. Nay, interrupt me not. Where, I say, is the loving, confiding heart I gained and valued? You watch me with the vigilance of hatred, the intensity of revenge. Every word and look have been misconstrued, every action warped and perverted by prejudice and passion. You are jealous, fiendishly jealous of a woman child, who whom I idly amused myself one passing moment. You have made your parents look coldly and suspiciously upon me. You have taught me a bitter lesson."

Every drop of blood forsook the cheeks of Mitie. She felt as if she were compelling—so cold fell the words of Clinton on her burning heart.

"Then I have forever estranged you. You have no no longer!" said she, in a faint, freaky voice.

"No, Mitie, I love you still. Constancy is one of the elements of my nature. But love no longer impels happiness. The chain of gold is transformed to iron, and the links corrode and become the heart. I feel that I have lost my stand over the household, and it is necessary to depart. I go to-morrow, and may you recover that peace of which I have momentarily deprived you. I shall pass away from your memory like a dream, and you will be restored to the face of the water, then shake, and a remembered no more."

"What, going—going to-morrow?" she exclaimed, catching hold of his arm for support, for she felt sick and dizzy at the sudden announcement.

"Yes!" he replied, drawing her arm through his, and retaining her hand, which was as cold as ice. "Your brother Louis will accompany me. It is my duty that he should. I have a friend here, since I have so long trespassed on the hospitality of his. Whether I ever return depends upon yourself. If my presence bring only discord and sorrow, it is better, far better, that I never look upon your face again. You cannot trust me, let us part forever."

They were now near the house, very near—a large tree, which had a rustic bench leaning against it. Its branches swept against the roof, and formed a kind of bower in the moonlit ground. The white arch of the bridge spanned the shadowy brook, and darkly over it Mitie drew away her arm from Clinton and sank down upon the bench. She felt as if the scene of her heart were all dawning out, as in tenses was her anguish.

Clinton going paused, probably never to return—going, too, cold, silenced and estranged. It was in vain he breathed to her words of love, the fleeting night, the chilling coldness, the sense of all this. She was on the verge of a dark, long-drowned of, was a comma, a dear, noble comma. She was now her companion, who climbed to his knee, is baby-hood, and he was the protector of my infant troubles, and through my childhood and maidenhood was my friend, my all of earthly perfection was centred in "Cousin Frank." I loved him always—he knew me, and of myself. It grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength," but it was the love of a sister—a flower for the vine," Louis said, sister.

To gaze lingeringly after his retreating form and countenance, to quietly fall into his arms, watch eagerly for his coming at evenings—though my heart's "Good-bye" and "Welcome home," were uttered in a sisterly tone—to crochet where I could best command a view of the features that were so familiar, treasuring themselves on my heart—these were the joys of my childhood. He told me, and lived, free, kind, clear, strong, blue eye, and he was one of beauty, chestnut hair thrown back from his noble brow. There was no deformity in his manly grace and beauty. But the time came—and now how the thrill of joy creeps over me at the memory—when I stood by the open window to bid, and bending down gently, parted away the hair from my brow, and softly pressed my lips upon it. Did I tell you, Jessie, I have soft beautiful brown hair yet. That silent is the first moment of quiet, and consciousness of my life, as I trembled beneath the gentle touch and kiss. I was not a child, I was a girl, and maid, would not part from this, for a nation's wealth. The good friends of my later years laugh at this remembrance of girlish vanity. They frown and say I linger so long at the mirror, arranging the soft tresses lovingly, and passing through my withered fingers; but only I wear it still in the smooth bands as adopted so well, and I am content. I have not been told that I am beautiful, and good, and from many till even my heart was dancing, singing in trembling ecstasy of bliss. Trembling from the fulness of its own deep gladness. It passed that glorious dream—the gentle caress, the soul-speaking glance, the words of love, I knew no more. Circumstances so inexorable and more cruel than the grave, parted us, and my life's romance was over. One letter year—the coats of my deepest pain—and then I knew what it was to bury in a deep, deep grave, my dead first love. The grass is long since green above it, but the innermost recesses of my heart is a sepulchre for the dead. Louis, my kind *gold* friends, and happy young wives, have selected the partner of my destined for me by their own kind wishes. Manly, noble hearts have been at my command; but, because I found no answering warmth of love—no kindred stirrings of joy!—I choose them to remain alone. But, now listen, Jessie: I was wrong, and my life has been one grand mistake. I am now a lonely, dreary woman—none are bound to my declining years by the strong ties of blood. My only joy is in losing my own exquisite *the joy* or won in the life interests of others. The tears, Lizzie is the pride of my age, but none she will go to make and bless a happy home, to sit beside her own hearth-stone, and I shall be alone—alone in the—wide, wide world." The weight of destitution in that *and word "alone."* Is known only to those who journey to the grave, as *I* must, Jessie—a solitary woman—with a chance to bless her, none whom she may bless."

Bear with an "old maid," and listen to her counsel. It is not a woman's destiny—it is not her duty to be alone: clinging and dependent on the vine in her nature, like it her heart heligiem, it searches out its tendrils, for the one engaged of manly strength and vigor. Have no *alone*, Jessie—no absolute petitions. I ask when a young wish strength that age cannot destroy. Thy womanhood will never weep in our Time's changing fortune is not here for thee. Deep in the soul's old trunk there hidden life Buds that have never exposed to the sky: Let but its noble bend be ready toss, And forth they spring, the cone to adorn In the tough fiber of my being, sleep Buds of warm feeling, thickly warm and deep; In their quick growth, thy fears shall subside, Should the wild storm wind only shower me. *Barrow Atlas.*

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

The first young lady with whom I was particularly interested, was the daughter of a lawyer of considerable property and respectable connections. She was intelligent and unassuming, possessed great exactness of disposition, with an easy and fascinating address. For several weeks I fondly hoped and believed that the long wished for "good" was obtained. But in my brief acquaintance in the family thereof into intimacy, I at length discovered that my goddess, though a *former's daughter*, was wholly uninitiated into the mysteries of domestic management. A blast from heaven would not have been more appalling than this, timorous. A dark cloud gathered over my fair and social prospects, and threatened an abrupt termination of my fondly-cherished hopes. Fearful as was the effect, I resolved on an immediate and final abandonment of the pursuit, unless, indeed, for great gentleness, she should be reclaimed. Thus determined, I sought an opportunity to introduce the subject of domestic economy into conversation, without very distinctly intimating my own opinion, endeavoring to elicit hers. After some little hesitation, I cautiously avowed her conviction, that it was greatly desirable for a lady to understand cookery. Assent to experiment in person domestic concerns, and that she had come to the conclusion that it was a shame to be ignorant. I cautiously thanked her for this full and frank disclosure, and as frankly commendated to her my glorious resolution not to make any person mistress of my family, who would not be mistress of my kitchen. Altogether, all came to an end of coquetry, as sight and taste, and of digestion. My regrets and disappointment at the abrupt termination of my acquaintance with the young merchant is for her business, and carried her high notions into full operation. The consequences may be easily guessed. While maintaining gentlemen, numerous servants, and elaborate entertainments, her husband's affairs became embarrassed, and his creditors alarmed for the safety of their debts. Hoping to find a retreat from his difficulties, he commenced trading, but ordered pressing him till hope had fled, when he entered his office, and with a deliberate and accomplished Zelin had the mortification of returning to her father's house: in less than twelve months after, a victim. If for sorrow.

WHAT IS LOVE?—In the "Autobiography of Captain Digby Grand," in *Fraser's Magazine*, we find the following passage:

Love has been written up by enthusiastic and sneered down by cynics, till the very nature of that mysterious planet of the human mind has become shrouded in contradiction and misrepresentation. Inflated into folly on the one hand, and ridiculed into nothingness on the other, the undefinable passion that, bend in hand with honor, heck-and the knights of old along the path of fame, is now sneered at as the fond beginning of a romantic boy, the vain delusion of a silly girl. And yet, what is love? It is not sense or reason and a reason for any act of folly, extravagance, or self-conquest, of which the patient may be guilty. "They are both very young—they will know better in time," says Mikie Age, obtaining back full the use of what that Self has for years been hardening for its defence, and the blindfast instinct of our worldly natures is ridiculed as a fantasy, or denounced as an absurdity. Surely this must be wrong; the very essence of true affection is unselfishness, a total abnegation and forgetfulness of ourselves; and perhaps the noblest attitude of man is that which he can take from his life blood to which his fellow creatures are too prone to bow, and which, although such fills the world of fiction and whose chains, growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength, become daily and hourly more golden and unbreakable. When two people can live for years apart, and never forget, can undergo toil, danger, privation and sorrow and bitter rebukes, each for the other's sake; when the watches of the night bring back only the one image; when a stain of wreck, a glance of sunshine, or a sense of beauty recalls the cherished face; when they are prepared to confront the battle of life under every disadvantage, and take the inevitable journey, weary and sad, but not heart-broken, if the hand-clasp depend upon it, there is something more than human in the sentiment which prompts such self-immolation, self-denial—depend upon it, that when we need Love from the face of the earth, we are sinning of the link that connects us with the angels in Heaven, we are doing our best to wither the fairest flowers that have ever been given that it is the fault of any but ourselves, if we find indeed that "the end of the serpent is the end."

JAPANESE MARRIAGES.—A very singular custom at the marriage of the Japanese is, that the torch of the bride and bridegroom is the same throughout. The torch remains black over other, and serve to show that a woman is married or a widow. Another circumstance is, to the birch of every child, to plant a tree in the garden or court-yard, which attains its full growth in so many years as a man requires to be mature for the duties of marriage. When he marries, the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes, to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new-married couple. The Japanese may marry as often as they please: marriages with sisters are prohibited; but they can marry any other relative.

Pictures of Life.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

I am a little *old maid, Jessie*, dear; yes, an "old maid," with a soft voice, a light step, and a *sister* way of doing things in general, and it's useless I intrude my insignificant self upon *you* in this way,—watch less perfect strangers, but I'm sure you'll forgive me, for the sake of *my* old friendship. I'm not a little, like the "Ancient Mariner," I find a "wedding guest," to whom I must tell my story. You are such to me, *Jessie*, and though your life may be a dancer of joy, you *must* pause a moment and listen. *Somehow*, though you didn't intend your "jessel of a letter" to be a sad one, it would bring the tears to my dim gray eyes, as I sat in the lonely corner of the drawing-room, *nearly face* in the great arm-chair. And as yet no tears, (she must look like Dell, for she has the same great blue eyes and such a wealth of sunny curls) had started across my cheek to tell the tale of the *actual* of her kind, *Jessie* in a circle of laughing girls, who were surrounding the round table, with outstretched hands lying closely pressed upon it. They were willing to see a conversation of *clairvoyancy*, but *I knew* that between the pair of hands, that lay in loving proximity to the tips of the little fairy nose, there was certainly a current of *something* passing. What do you guess it was? Little Dell, with her quick, bird-like, intuitive perception—quickly looking the bright-eyed, and perverted by prejudice and passion. You are jealous, fiendishly jealous of a woman child, who whom I idly amused myself one passing moment. You have made your parents look coldly and suspiciously upon us. You have taught me a bitter lesson."

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They were now near the house, very near—a large tree, which had a rustic bench leaning against it. Its branches swept against the roof, and formed a kind of bower in the moonlit ground. The white arch of the bridge spanned the shadowy brook, and darkly over it Mitie drew away her arm from Clinton and sank down upon the bench. She felt as if the scene of her heart were all dawning out, as in tenses was her anguish.

Clinton going paused, probably never to return—going, too, cold, silenced and estranged. It was in vain he breathed to her words of love, the fleeting night, the chilling coldness, the sense of all this. She was on the verge of a dark, long-drowned of, was a comma, a dear, noble comma. She was now her companion, who climbed to his knee, is baby-hood, and he was the protector of my infant troubles, and through my childhood and maidenhood was my friend, my all of earthly perfection was centred in "Cousin Frank." I loved him always—he knew me, and of myself. It grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength," but it was the love of a sister—a flower for the vine," Louis said, sister.

To gaze lingeringly after his retreating form and countenance, to quietly fall into his arms, watch eagerly for his coming at evenings—though my heart's "Good-bye" and "Welcome home," were uttered in a sisterly tone—to crochet where I could best command a view of the features that were so familiar, treasuring themselves on my heart—these were the joys of my childhood. He told me, and lived, free, kind, clear, strong, blue eye, and he was one of beauty, chestnut hair thrown back from his noble brow. There was no deformity in his manly grace and beauty. But the time came—and now how the thrill of joy creeps over me at the memory—when I stood by the open window to bid, and bending down gently, parted away the hair from my brow, and softly pressed my lips upon it. Did I tell you, Jessie, I have soft beautiful brown hair yet. That silent is the first moment of quiet, and consciousness of my life, as I trembled beneath the gentle touch and kiss. I was not a child, I was a girl, and maid, would not part from this, for a nation's wealth. The good friends of my later years laugh at this remembrance of girlish vanity. They frown and say I linger so long at the mirror, arranging the soft tresses lovingly, and passing through my withered fingers; but only I wear it still in the smooth bands as adopted so well, and I am content. I have not been told that I am beautiful, and good, and from many till even my heart was dancing, singing in trembling ecstasy of bliss. Trembling from the fulness of its own deep gladness. It passed that glorious dream—the gentle caress, the soul-speaking glance, the words of love, I knew no more. Circumstances so inexorable and more cruel than the grave, parted us, and my life's romance was over. One letter year—the coats of my deepest pain—and then I knew what it was to bury in a deep, deep grave, my dead first love. The grass is long since green above it, but the innermost recesses of my heart is a sepulchre for the dead. Louis, my kind *gold* friends, and happy young wives, have selected the partner of my destined for me by their own kind wishes. Manly, noble hearts have been at my command; but, because I found no answering warmth of love—no kindred stirrings of joy!—I choose them to remain alone. But, now listen, Jessie: I was wrong, and my life has been one grand mistake. I am now a lonely, dreary woman—none are bound to my declining years by the strong ties of blood. My only joy is in losing my own exquisite *the joy* or won in the life interests of others. The tears, Lizzie is the pride of my age, but none she will go to make and bless a happy home, to sit beside her own hearth-stone, and I shall be alone—alone in the—wide, wide world." The weight of destitution in that *and word "alone."* Is known only to those who journey to the grave, as *I* must, Jessie—a solitary woman—with a chance to bless her, none whom she may bless."

Bear with an "old maid," and listen to her counsel. It is not a woman's destiny—it is not her duty to be alone: clinging and dependent on the vine in her nature, like it her heart heligiem, it searches out its tendrils, for the one engaged of manly strength and vigor. Have no *alone*, Jessie—no absolute petitions. I ask when a young wish strength that age cannot destroy. Thy womanhood will never weep in our Time's changing fortune is not here for thee. Deep in the soul's old trunk there hidden life Buds that have never exposed to the sky: Let but its noble bend be ready toss, And forth they spring, the cone to adorn In the tough fiber of my being, sleep Buds of warm feeling, thickly warm and deep; In their quick growth, thy fears shall subside, Should the wild storm wind only shower me. *Barrow Atlas.*

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

The first young lady with whom I was particularly interested, was the daughter of a lawyer of considerable property and respectable connections. She was intelligent and unassuming, possessed great exactness of disposition, with an easy and fascinating address. For several weeks I fondly hoped and believed that the long wished for "good" was obtained. But in my brief acquaintance in the family thereof into intimacy, I at length discovered that my goddess, though a *former's daughter*, was wholly uninitiated into the mysteries of domestic management. A blast from heaven would not have been more appalling than this, timorous. A dark cloud gathered over my fair and social prospects, and threatened an abrupt termination of my fondly-cherished hopes. Fearful as was the effect, I resolved on an immediate and final abandonment of the pursuit, unless, indeed, for great gentleness, she should be reclaimed. Thus determined, I sought an opportunity to introduce the subject of domestic economy into conversation, without very distinctly intimating my own opinion, endeavoring to elicit hers. After some little hesitation, I cautiously avowed her conviction, that it was greatly desirable for a lady to understand cookery. Assent to experiment in person domestic concerns, and that she had come to the conclusion that it was a shame to be ignorant. I cautiously thanked her for this full and frank disclosure, and as frankly commendated to her my glorious resolution not to make any person mistress of my family, who would not be mistress of my kitchen. Altogether, all came to an end of coquetry, as sight and taste, and of digestion. My regrets and disappointment at the abrupt termination of my acquaintance with the young merchant is for her business, and carried her high notions into full operation. The consequences may be easily guessed. While maintaining gentlemen, numerous servants, and elaborate entertainments, her husband's affairs became embarrassed, and his creditors alarmed for the safety of their debts. Hoping to find a retreat from his difficulties, he commenced trading, but ordered pressing him till hope had fled, when he entered his office, and with a deliberate and accomplished Zelin had the mortification of returning to her father's house: in less than twelve months after, a victim. If for sorrow.

WHAT IS LOVE?—In the "Autobiography of Captain Digby Grand," in *Fraser's Magazine*, we find the following passage:

Love has been written up by enthusiastic and sneered down by cynics, till the very nature of that mysterious planet of the human mind has become shrouded in contradiction and misrepresentation. Inflated into folly on the one hand, and ridiculed into nothingness on the other, the undefinable passion that, bend in hand with honor, heck-and the knights of old along the path of fame, is now sneered at as the fond beginning of a romantic boy, the vain delusion of a silly girl. And yet, what is love? It is not sense or reason and a reason for any act of folly, extravagance, or self-conquest, of which the patient may be guilty. "They are both very young—they will know better in time," says Mikie Age, obtaining back full the use of what that Self has for years been hardening for its defence, and the blindfast instinct of our worldly natures is ridiculed as a fantasy, or denounced as an absurdity. Surely this must be wrong; the very essence of true affection is unselfishness, a total abnegation and forgetfulness of ourselves; and perhaps the noblest attitude of man is that which he can take from his life blood to which his fellow creatures are too prone to bow, and which, although such fills the world of fiction and whose chains, growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength, become daily and hourly more golden and unbreakable. When two people can live for years apart, and never forget, can undergo toil, danger, privation and sorrow and bitter rebukes, each for the other's sake; when the watches of the night bring back only the one image; when a stain of wreck, a glance of sunshine, or a sense of beauty recalls the cherished face; when they are prepared to confront the battle of life under every disadvantage, and take the inevitable journey, weary and sad, but not heart-broken, if the hand-clasp depend upon it, there is something more than human in the sentiment which prompts such self-immolation, self-denial—depend upon it, that when we need Love from the face of the earth, we are sinning of the link that connects us with the angels in Heaven, we are doing our best to wither the fairest flowers that have ever been given that it is the fault of any but ourselves, if we find indeed that "the end of the serpent is the end."

JAPANESE MARRIAGES.—A very singular custom at the marriage of the Japanese is, that the torch of the bride and bridegroom is the same throughout. The torch remains black over other, and serve to show that a woman is married or a widow. Another circumstance is, to the birch of every child, to plant a tree in the garden or court-yard, which attains its full growth in so many years as a man requires to be mature for the duties of marriage. When he marries, the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes, to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new-married couple. The Japanese may marry as often as they please: marriages with sisters are prohibited; but they can marry any other relative.

Selected Articles.

TO A LITTLE GIRL,

WHO CRIED BECAUSE HER FATHER WOULD BE A GRAY OLD MAN WHEN SHE HAD GROWN UP.

BY CHARLES J. SPRAGUE.

You rest thy little heart that time will spread
The locst of age upon thy father's head—
Will line his brow, and dim his eye-beams bright
That grace on thee as the years go by;
Thy gentle love, thy darling, cannot stay
The conquering despot on his cruel way
Nor that strange force that flows in thy heart,
The tender wave that from thy blue eyes start.
The fond embrace that tighter round my neck
Have not the power his ravages to check.
My back more curved to the opponent task;
And my strong accompanies thy blood
But though my form may other day be dust,
And Nature's universal law obey,
Though my scant arm seem tremble in the clasp
That round thy woman's form is fondly cast;
Though the strong frame that beam thou gaze
now
Beneath the sudden weight of years may bow;
My heart, defying time, shall not decay;
Years cannot steal its vital warmth away!
Fed by thy love, on thine, parental joy
It young with strength that age cannot destroy
Thy womanhood will never weep in our
Time's changing fortune is not here for thee.
Deep in the soul's old trunk there hidden life
Buds that have never exposed to the sky:
Let but its noble bend be ready toss,
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In the tough fiber of my being, sleep
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Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Dennie H. Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. III.

Naples, April 19th, 1852.

MY DEAR MAD. PUBLISHER:—My last days in Rome were terribly clouded—the weather was unseasonably cold and stormy, and I was ill; so, perhaps the less I say of them the better. Yet my last well and bright day in the Eternal city—just a week ago, by the way—deserves to be chronicled. I devoted the morning to making a round of farewell visits to several places and objects of especial interest and veneration to me—the Baths of Caracalla, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Coliseum. I was accompanied by my friend, Miss Greene, a charming long lady, and by Mrs. M——, and Mrs. ——, both of all of whom I have already enjoyed sympathy—thrilling to the beauty of the morning, feeling the poetry and grandeur of those majestic ruins, without saying or suggesting a thing about them. On our way to the Baths, we stopped at the beautiful fountain of Trevi, I to drink of its waters, in observance of a popular superstition, that I might surely come back to Rome, some day—that day I hope not very far future. I resolved to catch strange hope and strange fancies from the laughing little face that flowed down to me,—the drops I held in my palm seemed to smile and dance with joyous a pretude—and since they passed my lips, I have enlightenly believed that I shall return to Rome.

We found that neglected, mouldering pile of ruin, the Baths of Caracalla, looking more beautiful than decolate in its fitting appurtenting of freshened ivies, and budding shrubs and flowers innumerable. Our feet were buried in anemones, daisies and sweet violets, which lay on the towering walls and arches and fragments of roof above, beam of splendid wall-flowers in richly ruined down deposited upon us. We ascended the stairs to the top of the walls, and the portions of the roof yet remaining, and looked at about over those lovely plains whose blue they steeped or lounged, while writing to "Providence Dishland." We found the view over the city and Campagna, and off to the Sabine and Alban hills, and to the sea, grand in extent, and charming in infinite variety—to reveled in those and in the invigorating freshness and spring-promise of the air. We climbed about the ruined walls and crumbling arches like kids, and vied with each other in the foolhardiness with which we practiced our zeals in gathering the wall-flowers, which smiled and nodded to us distinctly from apparently inaccessible places.

At length, quite wearied out, we sat down under an old arch to take a little lunch of bread and figs. Now I——— did the honors, and with a graceful tendency, peculiar to herself, assumed the character of a Roman dame "of all of the olden time." "I fear you may find our rooms somewhat too airy," she said. "You always those open upper suite of apartments in the summer—and then, you know, I am a Greek—I pray. Do you go to the Coliseum to night? There is to be an extraordinary entertainment, the Emperor tells me. Two Magadine young barbarian gladiators, from the Danube country, are to encounter each other—the death of one or the other—and an old man of that vile sect called Christian, is to combat single-handed with a lion of Africa—for preaching some such noble games, the Ecclesiola Nyncries, and other of our sacred and venerable institutions—thus blaspheming against the gods. By the way, dear ladies, I have not seen you, or late, sacrificing at the temple of the Penates, nor did I meet you at the last *Mercuratio*, or Festival—I fear you are falling off in your religious duties."

In leaving, we had some little trouble with the old servant, who, seeing that we chose to take unprotected females, attempted to extort from us a double fee. Finding that we were among the unterrified and not-to-be-bullied class of feminine tourists, he put on the injured air, and reproached us with having spent two hours with the police, and borne off its decorative wall-flowers, without paying a centime for them. "I can't say much for your hospitality, though you do keep open house, my friend," said I, while Miss B——— exhibited the wall-flowers with ah, *some si Signor Carocalla.*" (It is your politeness, Caracalla that I mean.) We Caracalla and we drove away, all laughing and saying, "Buon giorno! Signor Caracalla," while the enraged party remarks to his fellow that he'd go to, and would open a valley of empress and *sandovere*.

The Palace of Caligula is now covered by a vineyard, and an immense vegetable garden, but there are yet noble ruins enough above ground to give you great conception of the vastness and splendor of the Palace of the Cæsars. There are some portions of the huge terrace—some few chambers, towers, and baths, partially preserved, by which one can make out with much help from the imagination, an idea of the wondrous beauty, and of the large and lofty proportions of the original buildings—but the most that the eye fully upon is a black, meaningless, undistinguishable mass of crumbling stone. On the top of the roof of the house of Augustus, stands a gaudy, contemptible edifice, belonging to the Mr. Hill as Englishman, and called the *Villa Mill?*

My last stroll about the arena, and under the solemn arches of the Coliseum was more melancholy than I had thought it would be. Of all places in the world, of all places I have yet seen on earth—the is infinitely the most interesting, impressive, enchanting, the grandest and dearest. I believe I shall visit it every day in the year with the same wonder and delight, with the same profound emotion, and the same quickening of poetic thought—the same illusions and memories—with the same thrilling through the soul—it is vast and grand and splendor, and terror, and triumph, and destruction. As my eye looked for the last time about the mighty sweep of its broken walls, the wild shrubs and the wall-flowers seemed waving me a mournful farewell—as I left the arena, I note after with an irrepressible gush of tears.

I saw it once again from without—as I was leaving Rome, early on the morning of the 16th. We had passed the Forum of Trajan, the Temples of Faliss Minerva, the Temples and Fountain, through a portion of the Roman Forum, going under the Arch of Titus, and came upon the Coliseum at last. As we passed it, I got to overflowing with floods of morning light—glorified, transfigured, it seemed to be robed in and purple splendors of Italian sun and air. The wild flowers were dancing joyously on the walls; the wild birds sang of spring-time, and the old arches; and as it passed from our sight, not seeming to be hid from our eyes, but only to look obstructing masses, but to have faded in brightness away, like some gigantic vision of the night suddenly dissolving into day.

We passed out the Porta San Giovanni to the new Appian way, and took a last look at Rome. I took my last and lingering look at that old mistress, immortal city, at the spectral ruins which surround it, and over her vast and lonely wastes of the Campagna. We traveled by sorrow, a nice comfortable carriage, with a good horse, very shaky with sleek coats and brass trappings, and very worried with unnerved teeth. We spent the first night at a miserable little hotel, in the village of Lusterna, and on the morning of the second we crossed the Pontine marshes to Terracina, where we spent the afternoon and night. The Pontine marshes are a dim, weary, dismal waste, over a vast of land, seemed surcharged with pestilence and desolation and death and horror. Through it all, the Romans we met looked miserably pale and ex deverous with starvation and disease, and no other living thing, but the wild boar, the buffalo and wild birds. Among the latter were several eagles flew about us, and a small flock of ravening creatures, evidently meditating murder on the same deed, who screamed and fluttered in a small thicket, and who, in my childhood and innocence, would have taken for birds. The wondrous antiquities, in which Terracina is the scene of countless robber romance. I suddenly awoke in the night with the recollection, that often in my childhood and I had read and cried, and set eyes about and of my head, of fearful stories of robberies and murders committed at the very inn in which I then rested. But though I tossed, and tumbled, until hushed herself, I failed to accomplish more slumber than the murmur of the sea, and I was only permitted to hear small handfuls, who I would pay indiscriminately, but who are not to be bought off, even by the total surrender of your purse.

The first 3 requisites here are existence, water, fire, a forlorn and wretched place, black with filth, and a horrible squalor, and swarming with beggars. We rested and lunched at *Mole di Gaeta*, a really beautiful place, where we spent an hour or two most pleasantly in a charming garden of orange and lemon trees, near the sea. Gaeta, where the Pope took refuge, looks quite imposing indeed, both from sea and shore. Near the inn are what they call the ruins of Cicero's Villa, and a mile or two on, on the way toward Rome, is the spot where Cicero was assassinated. It is marked by a stone tower. We set out before our carriage, and walked through the long town, and viewed with interest the ruins of the

people, in whom we saw a wonderful contrast to those at Rome. We found them dirtier and filthier, but full of curious gaiety, laughter and singing. Even the wretched poor seemed merry, jolly and frank; in not one did I remark the sullen, sour countenance, the dark scowl of the professed bandit, dark-coat of the famous professed. Many of the women, of the young especially, are decidedly handsome. Indeed, some of the children bewitching little creatures, with large, dark eyes, small to be sure, smaller than those of Rome. Of course, we fell among beggars, of the most noisy and pertinacious kind, and were glad to get away from them, and into the and pebbles, and oyster-shells and dead crabs, and fish-heads, and the most disgusting parts of the seashore, and performed strange antics before us, throwing somersets at the imminent peril of their necks, and turning cart-wheels all over the bury. We found ourselves at last followed and escorted by such a formidable crowd, that we were heartily thankful when our vetturino came to the rescue.

We spent one last night on the road at St. Agata, at a very poor inn, but quite pleasantly situated, and where a party of artists, musicians, and had a merry time together. During the evening we had a good deal of amusement, and a little excitement, in the appearance of Chiarini, the celebrated buffo singer, who was stopping in apartments in Rome. We had all been expecting him and hearing from day to day, for that we Rome should give way beneath, and the walls topple down upon us. We but all fared the same disappointment, and were compelled to be content with hearing and seeing and imposing style, of as amiable and brittle a nature, as the Roman ruins, crumbling, and beautiful, as in all directions, with the slightest possible pretensions. Marble mantel-pieces had fallen on their elbows, chandeliers seemed to wait the lightest pressure of the foot, and all logs of timber, and stairs and doors and floors were positively subject to fractures and dislocations. For all these unfavorable and inevitable accidents, however, we had been made to pay a princely ransom, and the fortune the heavier the charges, and the more they did, as we found that almost the whole establishment, as though living in glass houses, furnished with nothing more substantial than the most delicate and fragile of ware. We charted that an evening stay, he was afraid to shake hands with the Padrone, *for his own should come off.*

At Capua we stopped a few hours, but can nothing of much interest. The road between that town and Naples is through a fine country, cultivated like a garden. As we at 1 o'clock in the, the Neapolitan fortifications are in striking contrast with the Papal, in the extent and beauty of their defenses. Every rod of ground is though strangely cheerful and healthful, are cultivated to the highest degree. There are no beggars, all ragged and dirty—at least those you see along the highway. The women work in the fields with the men, apparently keeping up with them in the severest labor. A short time after leaving Capua, we caught our first sight of Vesuvius, and had him in view during the remainder of the journey. At first, he looked like any other mountain, but when we got on his summit was like an ordinary cloud rolling—but after a while I could see that it had not floated or descended there, but was rising slowly and perpetually from the mountain in the manner of a column, and that it was even when it gave way to jets of flame, and floes of lava, and dark showers of ashes, came over me with terrible force.

As we approached the city we met hordes of my Neapolitan brothers and sisters, who, themselves in a galloping, rattling, ringing drive—the merriest, smallest people in the odd out, craziest vehicles imaginable, crowded literally to overflowing, for there were often four or five behind, on a swing-seat, with their feet in a net-work bag. But I must not forget the beggars, for they never forget us. No sooner did we stopped at the Dogana, that the Philistines were upon us! I thought at first, that we were beset by a company of exact-pot-players, but presently perceived that the persons around I heard was an energetic begging on the table, including the old and the young—the—in Neapolitan pantomime, expressing a most desperate state of hunger. One, in fact, almost so presented a vertically truly wonderful. There was an old man, lame, blind, and perhaps paralytic to the occasion. Over his head an old bag, who shrieked out "*Fame—fame!*" as though it were a musical term, and we were busily bandit of a fellow, who played on a queer sort of an instrument, to which he danced, which he held horizontally, and drew forth the music with the dasher, jumping a kind of Nancy Jim Crow, at the same time. Another group of the performance being the fling, up of his three-cornered hat, and the quick coming of it upon his head with his foot (To see a boy who was never accustomed to wear a hat, with a bigger, yet for all that, three astonishing concerts, and was a perfect master of the devices and resources of the gamin. The old beggar deserves a long pen with a red-hot inkstand legs and no pulse, who danced and sang, the better to display those little personal peculiarities—and a little in arm, who pleaded with little pain, and rapped its little chin in a most piteous and pressing manner on the back of some young mother, who sported a dashing costume, and wore gold ear-rings, and carried a fan, and who was the only one of the group on her head, as though it were potatoes—and not of radiance.

At last we were really in Naples—and found it all we had expected, and more—a city of splendor, and beauty, deserted, glorious. The streets are wider and cleaner than the houses lighter and fresher than those of Rome. The people are not quite so picturesque than this array, stirring, smiling city, and that, and of higher presence, and more than a breeze however the solemn shadow of a dead grandeur. But they look delightfully strained, as the gaze, the organized stone to the beautiful *Chiaia Road* from the Bay—the glorious Bay. To night, the moon is wonderful in making an air softer and more than imagination can picture. I have leaned from my balcony and gazed and gazed till my very soul was pained with a sense of beauty infinitely overwhelming my power of expression. I am not sure that I have not been in love. I know it all vanish. At last I came in, reluctantly, closed my shutters to shut out the scene, my view, and my heart, and fell into my bed. My health has been constantly improving since I left Rome, and the delicious breathing of so delightful a climate speed which has ever come to me for so great a distance, on my road in the Coliseum.

Almost Another Accident.—Another railway accident is reported from Germany. The train, on Saturday, at Nuremberg, at which point the train of cars and the train of the Ludwig Canal and of the New York and Erie Railroad ran of the Canal, at 10 o'clock. Fortunately no person was injured.

It is impossible to have such great speed, but is a greatly increased risk of life. The same accident which would only throw the cars off the track, at a moderate rate of travel, will throw them down a precipice—it such happen to be near. We are not at all wishful to be the Scotch, and to the mourning of the Scotch people, we make up the sum-Terrible old Venetian, silently crushing his slandering destruction—suddenly "sinning his sins," as Scripture says, without the slightest time to a thief, cloud, as though to hide his awful secrets from the world. There is something mysterious and sinister in this veiling of the dead form, which makes him a more interesting and impressive object than he would be in all the his cloud-crown and shoes a small dark cloud of smoke steadily rising from the black crater. This morning we visited the Museum, but I have not space in which to speak of the beautiful objects of ancient art which it displays—the wondrous antiquities. In my next I will write of art. I must leave them for another letter. I was the most deeply interested in paintings, sculptures and mosaics, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and in the bronzes, the coins, the household furniture and utensils, the ornaments of that pleasure-loving people, which have been brought from those cities, buried and forgotten for eighteen hundred years.

This afternoon we have been driving about the town, which delights me more and more. It is by far the prettiest, most picturesque city I have yet seen, and everywhere seems teeming with brightness and life. The streets are narrow, but are structures, but less regular than the Papal and princely palaces of Rome—except it be the *Palazzo del Re*, at Caserta, between Naples and Capua, which is truly magnificent. It deserves an allowable over look a village of stone to continue about a week. Of these, you shall hear in due time.

As ever, yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

☞ A priest having been overhauled by his bishop, for attending a masked ball, the former replied:—"Eg'z pizzaw pore nyzenace, I wore a mask." "Oh, well," returned the bishop, "that puts a new face on the affair."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A HASTY REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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4 Copies, - - - - - $5 00 For Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) - $10 00 "
12 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) - $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) - $30 00 "

Answers to Correspondents.—A person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the whole will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club, end at one and the same time, and that the present month.

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RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

Here are two items from the news of the day, one of which is an appropriate comment upon the other:—

Great Speed.—The Cincinnati express train, on the Ohio and Erie Railroad, left Cincinnati for Hemlellesville to Saugatuscon, on Tuesday, a distance of 145 miles, in 3½ hours. The Binghampton Republican believes that to be the greatest speed which has ever been attained for so great a distance, on any road in the Country.

Almost Another Accident.—Another railway accident is reported from Germany. The train, on Saturday, at Nuremberg, at which point the train of cars and the train of the Ludwig Canal and of the New York and Erie Railroad ran of the Canal, at 10 o'clock. Fortunately no person was injured.

It is impossible to have such great speed, but is a greatly increased risk of life. The same accident which would only throw the cars off the track, at a moderate rate of travel, will throw them down a precipice—it such happen to be near. We are not at all wishful to be the Scotch, and to the mourning of the Scotch people, we make up the sum-Terrible old Venetian, silently crushing his slandering destruction—suddenly "sinning his sins," as Scripture says, without the slightest time to a thief, cloud, as though to hide his awful secrets from the world. There is something mysterious and sinister in this veiling of the dead form, which makes him a more interesting and impressive object than he would be in all the his cloud-crown and shoes a small dark cloud of smoke steadily rising from the black crater. This morning we visited the Museum, but I have not space in which to speak of the beautiful objects of ancient art which it displays—the wondrous antiquities. In my next I will write of art. I must leave them for another letter. I was the most deeply interested in paintings, sculptures and mosaics, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and in the bronzes, the coins, the household furniture and utensils, the ornaments of that pleasure-loving people, which have been brought from those cities, buried and forgotten for eighteen hundred years.

This afternoon we have been driving about the town, which delights me more and more. It is by far the prettiest, most picturesque city I have yet seen, and everywhere seems teeming with brightness and life. The streets are narrow, but are structures, but less regular than the Papal and princely palaces of Rome—except it be the *Palazzo del Re*, at Caserta, between Naples and Capua, which is truly magnificent. It deserves an allowable over look a village of stone to continue about a week. Of these, you shall hear in due time.

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THE SPOILS.

A Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* says:—

The Cabinet are every day in long and serious consultation upon the subject of the appointments to the various offices of emolument, and all letter writers to the Capitol are daily pressed to their utmost capacity to furnish the Cabinet Council, and to the Council no other subject but these appointments can be considered.

We heartily agree with the spirit of the above. The chief duty of a President of the United States is not to divide the spoils in a fair and impartial manner between all the various claimants, but to preserve the Union of States. He is aided in his administration and election. And yet we have heard little else from Washington this last three months, than the considerings, considerations, re-considerings and re-considerations of the claims of this one and that one to this or "best-adapted" or "best-suited" to this fat-looked or that fat-looked office. It is said that the appointment of postmasters has been made much as—if the salvation of the Union depended upon a proper regard of the claims of the contending parties; as if every state and territory and congressional district had a right to the equal and exact proportion of the general plunder.

We would respectfully represent to the National Executive Council, that the people of this country are not quite so much in love with spoils by too much of this. It certainly is carrying the spoils system to a more than ordinary length, to suppose that the spoils must be thus apportioned out as if with an apothecary's scales. One thing the Cabinet may be sure of, and that is, that willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club, end at one and the same time, and that the present month.

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Here we a Monroe Ogden Among Them.—The Washington Union, which is generally considered the organ of the present administration, has the following list of appointments, and of expectations from the Republic, by an article upon Rome and its affairs. We thought the Union was the organ of Rome too—as exemplified by the Partition of Poland, when

"Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!"

also as further exemplified by her joining with defeated Austria to crush the rising liberties of Hungary. Nevertheless, it is said to be the policy of the present administration to keep on friendly terms with Rome, and to be ready to lend a helping hand to the Pope, should the necessity arise. If these statements be true, the whole question is susceptible of a very easy solution.

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The unbalanced pendulum and his three lunacies.

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The Mesilla Valley.—We see it stated that this whole question is contained in the following sentence:

In the treaty with Mexico, by which Texas was annexed, the boundary between the two Republics, says:

"The dominion and Western limits of New Mexico, then and hereafter, shall be the same as those which belong to the province, *or may lawfully be claimed by the same*, so far as the said limits thereof regard the Republic of the United States, whether such limits are conformable or not to the limits assigned to that province or claimed by Mexico."

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New Publications.

Graham's Magazine. The June number is embellished with a finely executed steel engraving of the "Shipwreck of the Apostle," and the usual variety of illustrated articles, viz.: "The Rhine and Its Scenery," "A Sketch of Napoleon at the Great St. Bernard," &c. We notice, among the contents this month, an interesting sketch, by Mrs. Ellet, of "Rural Life at Ashtons," by Angele De V. Hall; the "Father's Choice" by Agnes Hope; "Lines to Lucy," by Mrs. Osgood; "Lines to Helen Lyndsay," &c.

Lyon's Book for American Travellers in Europe. Collated from the Best Authorities. Designed as an Introduction to the European Tourist. Also, a Complete Guide to Information and Outline of a Tour in France and Switzerland. By Rev. Charles Lyon, A. M., D. D., President of Racine College, Wisconsin. This book will be found worth consulting by those who are making a tour in Europe. Published by Putnam & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

Addresses for the Steamboat and Railroad. Selected from the Best Authors. By Thomas Hunter. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston.

The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign; Why it Exists, and How it May be Extinguished. By the author of "Principles of Political Economy," "The Past, the Present and the Future," &c. Illustrated by A. Hart, Philadelphia. Mr. Carey is probably the ablest opponent now living of what is commonly called "Free Trade." Whether he looks at the subject of slavery from an economical, political or moral point of view, he is generally sound and reasoning on the right side. His views are invariably well illustrated in the following quotation:

Let us next consider that the people of Virginia should address the British nation, and in the following manner:

"We are surrounded by men who raise cotton, and Canada, Illinois, and other States, who unscrupulous that could furnish more sheep's wool than the whole country now clothed half our nation. Within our limits there are water-falls enough to drive the spindles of the world, if properly used, convert into cloth half the cotton that is grown. We have, in short, the power to use in unlimited quantity, and are *daily* wasting, that which is the most important for making all the cloth and iron we consume in the world. Nevertheless, we buy of you whatever cloth we need. Many of our people have been ruined by the fluctuations in the price of cotton, have ruined. When our people have been ruined by the fluctuations in the price of cotton, have ruined. When our people have been ruined by the fluctuations in the price of cotton, have ruined. When

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1853.

General News.

[Chinese] Rebellion—A Christian Look.—[The] Chinese Rebels, according to an imperial [pro]clamation dated January 29th, had captured the provincial city of Wu-chang, capital of Ho[-pih] province. The gates of the city being near the [river] Yang-tse-kiang, the rebels dug a mine, [which] they exploded on the 4th of January, [shatter]ing the gates and causing the capture of [the cit]y. An imperial army arrived soon after, [but the] rebels were so strongly entrenched that [the tr]oops did not attack them. Wu-chang was [the re]sidence of the Governor and other high [officer]s. The rebels demolished their official [resid]ences. A great loss of life occurred in the [siege] of the city, and it is curious to find that [the re]bels destroyed all the temples with their [idols], by which it is supposed that they were [le]d by Sin-tsien, the christian chief.

[Of] all the stories connected with the affair, [none] has been so persevered in from the com[mence]ment as that assigning leadership and in[fluen]ce to foreigners; and there really seem [to be] grounds for the belief. They are called [by m]any the "Christians;" the "God wor[shipp]ers," and it is said that they observe Sun[day.] The latest takes this form:

[The]re are four men, wearing the Chinese [dress], but not talking the Chinese language, who are at the head of the rebel council [.....], and without whose sanction no step is [taken.] These men are generally supposed to [be F]rench Jesuits; and if Catholicism forms [an e]lement of the combination, the farther north they go the stronger they become, as that reli[gion] is more widely diffused in that quarter. Their success in battling against the Imperial[ists], and the military skill which has charac[ter]ized some of their movements give addition[al] strength to the supposition of foreign aid. So long as these disturbances continue, trade must be more or less affected; but the success of the rebels, I am inclined to think, would re[vol]utionize the whole policy of China, foreign [and] internal; and we may look for an extension [of] privileges and of general commerce.

[From] California.—The steamships Falcon [and U]nited States recently arrived at New Or[leans] from Aspinwall, bringing the mails for [.....]ty.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Caloric Ship Ericsson is at Williamsb[urg] to undergo extensive repairs, and cannot s[ail] for Europe for several months yet.

Large Exportations of Breadstuffs.—[The] exports of flour from New York, from Janu[ary] 1st to May 1st, were 520,925 barrels, aga[inst] 229,961 barrels same time last year; and [of] wheat, 840,241 bushels, against 449,123 bush[els] same time last year.

The act of Gov. Lane, of New Mexico, in [at]tempting to occupy the Valley of Mesilla, co[n]tinued to keep up a lively sensation in Mexic[o.] The Government was making extraordinary [ef]forts to sustain Gov. Trias in his efforts to p[ro]tect the Mexicans there.

Territories to become States.—Utah wou[ld] make twenty States of the size of New Ham[p]shire; Nebraska, fifteen; Indian, twent[y;] Northwest, sixty-five. Total, one hundred a[nd] twenty-six States. Should these Territori[es] have an equal population to the square mi[le] with New Hampshire, they would contain a p[o]pulation of about thirty-eight million souls.

The contract for constructing the Hydraul[ic] Canal at Niagara Falls, has been let to Mess[rs.] Gage, Latham & Hawes, who will commence th[e] work without delay, and have it completed with[in] the time specified, viz: eighteen month[s.] The canal is to be about one mile in length, a[nd] sixty-six feet wide at the bottom, and draws te[n] feet water.

A Borough without Officers.—The goo[d] people of Sunbury, says the Danville Democra[t,] seem to be in a queer predicament; last Mon[]day week was the day for the election of boroug[h] officers, but on account of neglect in giving th[e] requisite notice no election was held. Conse[]quently they will have no regularly elected au[]thorities for one year. This will be a very awk[]ward state of affairs.

H. R. Starkweather, of Northampton, Mass[.,] says the Springfield Republican, raised last ye[ar] from an acre of land, near 1,800 pounds of to[]bacco, which he sold at 14½ cents per poun[d,] amounting to $230. Wm. and Henry Dickin[]son, of Hatfield, raised, last year, on three acre[s] and three-fourths of an acre of land, about 8,00[0] pounds of tobacco, which they sold in Ne[w] York for $1,200.

Speaking of the rust on wire fences, th[e] Scientific American says: "It will be no eas[y] matter to galvanize a rusty wire fence; but [it] certainly would be a good plan to prepare wi[re] for fences by galvanizing it before it is offere[d] for sale. If rusty wire is rubbed with boile[d] oil, in which some red lead has been mixed, o[n] a warm day, the rusting process will be arrest[]ed." Wire fences must come into extensiv[e] use, possessing as they do so many advantage[s] over fences of any other material.

A number of small pox patients in Oglethorp[e,] Ga., lately made a stampede from the buildin[g] in which they were confined by the civil auth[o]rities, and, in different stages of the fearful mal[a]dy, fell upon the officers, and put them all [to] flight. Mayor Sorrell called out the military [to] suppress the disturbance; they, however, [.....]

[.....]

Apples.—So far as we have observed or heard, there is a general failure of the apple crop in this part of the country. We have two orchards in different situation, and but one tree with anything like the usual number of blossoms. Some have a few scattered among the leaves, perceptible on close observation, but the greater part have none. Throughout our neighborhood the failure is universal.—*Pittsburgh Visiter.*

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 113—Adults 49 and children 64.

Miscellaneous.

THE FLOGGING OF A PRINCE.

Th London correspondent of a North German paper relates a story with regard to the way in which Prince Albert disciplines his children, which "The Tribune" translates as follows:

"The young Prince stood one day in his room in the Royal Palace at Windsor, at the window, whose panes reached to the floor. He had a lesson to learn by heart, but instead was amusing himself by looking out into the garden and playing with his fingers on the window. His governess, Miss Hillyard, an earnest and pious person, observed this, and kindly asked him to think of getting his lesson. The young Prince said: 'I don't want to.' 'Then,' said Miss Hilliard, 'I must put you in the corner.' 'I won't learn,' answered the little fellow, resolutely, 'and won't stand in the corner, for I am the Prince of Wales.' And as he said this, he knocked out one of the window panes with his foot. At this, Miss Hillyard rose from her seat and said: 'Sir, you must learn, or I must put you in the corner.' 'I won't,' said he, knocking out a second pane. The governess then rang, and told the servant who entered to say to Prince Albert that she requested the presence of his Royal Highness immediately on a pressing matter connected with his son. The devoted father came at once, and heard the statement of the whole matter, after which he turned to his little son and said, pointing to an ottoman, 'sit down there, and wait till I return.' Then Prince Albert went to his room and brought a Bible. 'Listen, now,' he said to the Prince of Wales, 'to what the holy Apostle Paul says to you and other children in [.....]

[.....]

GIGANTIC STEAMERS.

[.....]

COST OF CONVERTING JEWS.

It may not be generally known that there is an American Society organized for the special purpose of winning Jews to Christianity. Five colporteurs and nine regular missionaries labor, in season and out of season, under the direction of a General Agent. During the past year, eighteen thousand two hundred and sixty-nine dollars have been contributed to its funds. The other national benevolent societies admit its claims to rank with them, and its anniversary was well attended, last Sunday evening, at New York.

The Report presented on that occasion showed that *twenty-nine* Jews had been converted by the labors of the Society during the last *three* years! That is, each of the fifteen agents, colporteurs and missionaries had not succeeded in converting two-thirds of a Jew per annum; and each convert had cost somewhere about fifteen hundred dollars!

These results are not very brilliant, we must confess. As they are identical with those of similar efforts in England, for many years past, it may be worth while to inquire into their cause. They are generally attributed to the fact that the Jews have been pounded and belabored by Christendom into a solid and compact mass, from which it is hard to detach a particle. Admitting there is some reason for this opinion, we incline to another usually passed over in silence. The Jews are not kept together, solely or even chiefly, by external pressure, but by the cohesive power given by the practical carrying out of the great law, "Love one another"—the fundamental law of human nature as of Christianity.

The writer of this had occasion, not a great while ago, to examine into the different forms of benevolent action in the city of London. He was surprised to find that the Israelites had, in proportion to their number, more hospitals, asylums, schools for orphans, and other benevolent institutions, than any other sect in the capital of England; that their charities were less ostentatious; and their poor better cared for, unless the Quakers were an exception. What was in other sects only a vague sentiment of benevolence, they had matured into a science of beneficence. This is true, we believe, the world over. Who ever saw a Jew reaching out his hand for charity in our streets? Who has heard of a Jewish widow destitute of fuel or warm clothing or food? or an orphan left uncared for? [.....]

[.....]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[.....]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[.....]

ALMANAC. May, 1853.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
28 Saturday,	4 43	7 17	7 30	
29 Sunday,	4 42	7 18	8 21	
30 Monday,	4 41	7 19	9 17	
31 Tuesday,	4 41	7 19	9 51	D. H. M.
1 Wedn'day,	4 40	7 20	10 33	New 7 11 9
2 Thursday,	4 40	7 20	11 12	First 16 12 50
3 Friday,	4 39	7 21	11 53	Full 22 3 55
4 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	12 35	Last 29 12 46

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On fifth day, the 19th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, Henry Lewis, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Maria A. daughter of Samuel Eastburn, Newtown Township, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 22d instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. Charles Bartolett, to Miss Mary Ann Gibson, all of this city.

On Thursday morning, the 12th May, by the Rev. Joseph Aspril, Mr. John H. Hoffecker, of Smyrna, to Miss Annie E. only daughter of John Appleton, Esq. of Cantwell's Bridge, Delaware.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. Charles Smith, to Miss Lydia Dawson, all of Spring Garden.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. Josephus Rudolph, to Miss Rebecca Pinkerton, both of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. William T. Burnett, to Miss Sarah J. Forbs.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. G. Collins, Mr. Henry V. McCully, to Miss Emma M. Young, all of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Jacob Fegenbush, to Miss Ann E. Metzger, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, in Roxborough, by the Rev. C. W. Schaeffer, Mr. John S. Hodgkinson, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Hobley, of Roxborough Township, Philadelphia county.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Mr. Henry S. Zeigler, to Miss Louisa Rinker, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Saml. Hazlehurst, Mr. David Dunlap, to Miss Elizabeth Russell.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. Gordon Maxwell, Mr. Charles Rhoheiser, of Spring Garden, to Miss Sophia, daughter of the late C. B. Austin, of Kensington.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. F. Ogilby, Mr. Samuel H. Hutton, to Miss Eugenia R. daughter of the late Wm. Stephens, of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. Isaac B. Marter, to Mary Lizzie, daughter of T. C. Raymond, all of this city.

At Pottstown, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, George F. Miller, to Miss Emma H. Weiser, both of Pottstown.

On the 19th inst. by Ald. McGorry, Mr. James A. Gerrie, to Miss Cornelia Saylor, both of this city.

On the 27th Feb. last, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. John H. Fleming, to Miss Sarah B. Shockley, both of Southwark.

On the 19th instant, by the same, Mr. Jacob H. Weaver, of Morris Town, N. J. Miss Sarah E. [.....]

[.....]

Deaths.

[.....]

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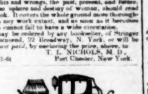

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Selected Poetry.

THE SIEGE OF CABEZON.
A BALLAD.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

"Lo jardein del rey Don Pedro."

Don Pedro holds Cabezon
A weary time but fain,
While Trastamare, through winter's
Scorns
Thunder-cloud and drenching rain.

Still Trastamare's rebel day
Thwarted in the mountain pale,
And still the hold of Cabezon
Is to the royal vale.

"Sure, by my crown," Don Pedro swore,
And clutched his sword the more,
"I'd give my damsel your of life
Upon that stark old wall.

"I'd sprinkle all the path between
That valley and yon crag
With my best blood, to lay a road
Upon that taunting flag."

As well Don Pedro might besiege
The eagle's airy nest,
A knight reviled, and slay himself
The flowers on his vest.

A train of damsels were as well
To scare a rainier tower,
As this army of martial men
Deter one with useless power.

"Ay," laughed Don Pedro, mirthful,
Beneath his helmet's rim,
"Arms might be kept for ladyfays
If always used as now."

"Yet have I'll lay, kept what will lap,
Till famine drive them out."
Just then, from the hill-wing arose
A long triumphant shout.

"What means that cry?" "Two mules-of-note
Flying from Cabezon,
Laden by an outpost of your line
Surprised and seized upon."

"Bring in the prisoners!" Down they trotted,
Escorted, Don Pedro's eye,
"Ha! traitors, have ye fled your liege,
And come to me to die?"

"To die, Don Pedro, if you will.
Rather than bear the stain
Of those who traitors were to Queen Blanche,
Who at their posts remain."

"Speak out; I'll listen. Do not fear
To make your worst case,
Commercy, we have time enough."
To this a Spaniard's visage

Don Pedro yawned, and stretched himself,
But as the story ran,
I mean, he hesitated to his feet.
Then spake the foremost man:—

"We grounded scaling Cabezon—
Unknown to anything vaster—
Till faith turned into treachery,
And guilt sprung up from sloth.

"Bit all our lazy practices
Stood monitoring apart,
And fostering wicked messengers
To vex the sorrowful heart.

"And now 'twas this and now 'twas that,
Fierce monsters, huge demands,
Pierre coming with the Prior's gold
To yield them to your hands.

"The governor rendered all to them,
Rather than ought to you;
But, day by day, his customers face
Paler and paler grew.

"Daily, his wife and daughter found
The snow so much easier
Came slower to her lips, and cried
Thrown a theater while.

"Yet, daily, by the old man's side
They pored around the wall,
Until they saw how with one look
The messenger from the

"Until they saw seductions leave
Upon their persons cast,
Or vanished their shine from sealed hands
That clutched them as they passed.

"Or heard such jests as well might chat
A very monarch's could
Jests that forced coolest cheeks to flame
Beneath the close-drawn hood.

"Then to their bower they fled smart
And had their dangerous chance.
And sorrow to talk over their woes,
And tat their wild alarms.

"Bolder and bolder grew the way,
The governor grew more wroth,
At length, from out a whispered knot,
Parade one, and then both.

"Bring us your wife and daughter, fool,
Or down this flag shall come."
With a back-handed blow the other
Struck the green radius down.

"At once swords flashed, and voices closed,
And sinewy gleamed all colors,
And, with his dagger in his hand,
The governor fell to the ground.

"We spoke, in vain.—Don't read the
aloud!"
Rode in Don Pedro's voice:
Then held his hand, and bent his ear,
And heard the whole recital.

"That said he, 'Hold your fire awhile.
And, see to mariner's use,
All hands to the pump!' Then I!" cried the
king.

"The like was never done!
"Shall be crude-ye!' Herald he!
And let a parley sound!
Summon the governor to the wall,
And call my guard around.

"Ha! governor, send your traitors down,
And, by eleven spies,
I'll send you, man for man, my best,
All hands to the pump!

"Who shall be escort, by lord and cross,
To keep you safe from vote
Against all comers whatsoever,
Even against their liege.

Low bowed the governor.—"King, our words
Are barren pay and thanks
Yet God bless up a poor man's debt,
And never be unable to pay!

"A thousand times may Heaven accept
The deed you do for me;
And merited it never more deserved
I'd draw my sword for thee."

The king smiled. "Knight, my former favor,
I'm mainly glad to see
You, with your have-knots to your sword,
Do you the best to merit."

I'y through the gates of Cabezon
Don Pedro's banners went,
And struggling down the narrow path
The entire traitors went.

Around the mysterious wound
The very soldiers drew
"How, lieutenant," cried the line,
"Ye know what work to do!"

"Stand back, they deserve not death!
Them shalt not prey nor shrive!
It 'seems within my power to hell
I'd have them alive."

A hundred moons swung aloft,
A hundred hours were gone,
And, smoked into one mangled mass,
The traitors lay, cinderless.

The drawbridge rose, the castle gates
Rolled stately back; and when
The king looked up, he saw the waste
Of Cabezon with men-clad walls.

Nearly Don Pedro walked, as one
Who nurse a purpose still
Pleasing for him to perform,
Unconscious what he knew

Nearly Don Pedro turned his rein,
Walked through the setting sun,
And patiently next morn to my
Beautiful Cabezon.

Graham's Magazine.

Invasion Upon the West World.—The Cleveland Herald suggests the following suggestive will suggest to the Hanging gazettes:

"There is one serious objection to Captain Parkhurst that we have never seen yet pointed; and that is a query of this kind—what business has this world to rid itself of murderers and the like of some other world? We complain of the old countries for sending the scum of their population here, and make it a law in this country that every town shall support its own paupers; and is it not then a scurvy trick, action to ship bad men to foreign shores in the unknown world? If hanging were annihilation, it might be justifiable on the principle of sending the less to the greater; but if it only hurls the man from somewhere else, we should call out first whether he is wanted where he is sent. It is possible, at least, that he is forced on society that have no more minds for him than those who are fit to expel him.

European Monopolists.—There is a curious error in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, which has not, hitherto been noticed. It occurs in definition of the verb "to do," and pervades every edition, even Mr. Todd's. "Asses are not taught to fudgment." (Judges v. 10.) The verse is, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, and sit in judgment, and walk by the way; sing." Dr. Johnson's opinion of the riders of white asses may be taken from the following:

Selected Articles.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A lady correspondent of the Register, of this city, who dates her letters from "The Ingleside," Keaton County, &c., thus favors us upon the second subject of Women's Rights:—

While we still linger over the table, laughing and chatting, as we do festively, after the cloth is removed, the servants bring in the urn and tray. Now I would introduce you to their specimen of Urn, for I confess, before declining her visit, I had not much a claim on our attention. There, standing on the sideboard, was a monster of a Urn, German and lofty, and their contents require a polite answer. Strangely enough, the former invite me with one hand to partake of what the latter use to come out for "women's rights." (Ha! Ha! I very much fear that dignified style of pause is getting the upper hand of you.) And the latter—but I will just give you an extract of Urn, for I positively believe do nothing but talk, if they do, and if they have any leisure, let us keep of their," and further on:—"If those self-ladies cease talking so pointedly and instructively why did you not repeat their conversation?" Dame Margaret, I would very much in one of you, but really it does not seem so if it were the people, after all, that you were most anxious to see, why did you overlook the various occupations which employed the circle around those old tables, and see nothing but the one subject of pause in